



# The House of the Whispering Pines

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

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## CHAPTER XIV.

RANELAGH RESUMES HIS STORY.

FOR several days I had been ill. They were dreadful days to me since I was far too weak for thought. Then there came a period of conscious rest, then renewed interest in life and my own fate and reputation. What had happened during this interval?

I had a confused memory of having seen Clifton's face at my bedside, but I was sure that no words had passed between us. When would he come again? When should I hear about Carmel and whether she were yet alive or mercifully dead, like her sister? I might read the papers, but they had been carefully kept from me. Not one was in sight. The nurse would undoubtedly give me the information I desired; but, kind as she had been, I dreaded to consult a stranger about matters which involved my very existence and every remaining hope.

I would risk one question, but no more. I would ask about the Inquest. Had it been held? If she said yes—ah, if she said yes—I should know that "Carmel" was dead, and the news, coming thus, would kill me. So I asked nothing and was lying in a sufficiently feverish condition when the doctor came in, saw my state and, thinking to cheer me up, remarked blandly:

"You are well enough this morning to hear good news. Do you recognize the room you are in?"

"I'm in the hospital, am I not?"

"Hardly. You are in one of Mr. O'Hagen's own rooms." (Mr. O'Hagen was the head keeper.) "You are detained now simply as a witness."

"I was struck to the heart, terrified at an instant."

"What? Why? What has happened?" I questioned rapidly, half-startling up, then falling back on my pillow under his astonished eye.

"Nothing," he parried, seeing his mistake and resorting to the soothing process.

"Send for Mr. Clifton," I said. "He's my friend; I can better bear—"

"Here he is," said the doctor as the door softly opened under the nurse's careful hand.

With a gesture to the nurse the doctor tipped out, muttering to Clifton as he passed some word of warning or casual instruction. The nurse followed, and Clifton, coming forward, took a seat at my side. He was cheerful, but not too cheerful, and the air of slight constraint which tinged his manner as much as it did mine did not escape me.

"Tell me why they have withdrawn their suspicions. I've heard nothing, read nothing, for days. I don't understand this move."

"You're slouch," he began. "You have my regard, Elwood. Not many men would have stood the racket and sacrificed themselves as you have done. The fact is recognized now, and your motive."

I must have turned very white, for he stopped and sprang to his feet, searching for some restorative.

"Perhaps I had better wait till tomorrow before I satisfy your curiosity," said he.

"And leave me to imagine all sorts of horrors? No! Tell me at once. Is—has anything happened at the 'Cumberlands'?"

"Yes. What you feared has happened. No, no; Carmel is not dead. She is holding her own—just holding it—but that is something in one so young and naturally healthy."

I could see that I baffled him. I could not be helped. I did not dare to utter the question with which my whole soul was full. I could only look my entreaty. He misunderstood it, as was natural enough.

"She does not know yet what is in store for her," were his words, and I could only lie still and look at him helplessly. "When she comes to herself she will have to be told, but you will be on your feet then and will be allowed, no doubt, to soften the blow for her by your comfort and counsel. The fact that it must have been you, if not he—"

"He?" Did I shout it, or was the shout simply in my own mind?

"Yes—Arthur. His guilt has not been proved; he has not even been remanded; the sister's case is too pitiful and Coroner Perry too soft hearted where any of that family is involved. But no one doubts his guilt, and he does not deny it himself. You know—probably, no one better—that he cannot very consistently do this in face of the evidence accumulated against him, evidence stronger in many regards than that accumulated against yourself."

Arthur! A booby and a boor, but certainly not the slayer of his sister, unless I had been woefully mistaken in all that had taken place in that clubhouse previous to my entrance into it on that fatal night. As I caught Clifton's eye fixed upon me I said: "Don't speak of me. I'm not thinking of myself. You speak of evidence. What evidence? Give me details. Don't you see that I am burning with curiosity? I shan't be myself till I hear."

"It all came about through you," he went on. "You told me of the fellow you saw riding away from the Whispering Pines at the time you entered the grounds. I passed the story on to the coroner and he to a New York detective they had put on this case. He and Arthur's own early nature did the rest."

I cringed where I lay. This was my work. The person who drove out of the clubhouse grounds while I stood in the clubhouse hall was Carmel, and the clue I had given, instead of baffling and confusing them, had led directly to Arthur.

Seeing nothing peculiar—or, at all events, giving no evidence of having noted anything peculiar in my movement—Clifton went evenly on, pointing into my astonished ears the whole long story of the detective's investigations. Instinctively I did not feel as certain of Arthur's guilt as Clifton did. I knew Arthur even better than I did his sister. He was as full of faults and as lacking in amiable and reliable traits as any fellow of my acquaintance. But he had not the inherent snap which makes for crime. He lacked the vigor which—God forgive me the thought—lay back of Carmel's softer characteristics.

The episode of the rug confused me. I could make nothing out of it, could not connect it with what I myself knew of the confused experiences of that night. But I could recall the dinner and the sudden aspect, not unmingled with awe, with which this boy contemplated his sister when his own glass fell from his nerveless fingers. My own heart was not in the business—it was on the eloquence I had planned—but I could not help seeing what I have just mentioned, and it occurred to me now with fatal distinctness. The awe was as great as the salliness. Did that offer a good foundation for crime? I disliked Arthur. I had no use for the boy, and I wished with all my heart to detect guilt in his actions rather than in those of the woman I loved, but I could not forget that tinge of awe on features too heavy to mirror very readily the nicer feelings of the human soul. It would come up, and under the influence of this impression I said:

"Are you sure that he made no denial of this crime? That does not seem like Arthur, guilty or innocent."

"He made none in my presence, and I was in the coroner's office when the ring was produced from its secret hiding place and set down before him."

There was no open accusation made, but he must have understood the silence of all present. He acknowledged some days ago, when confronted with the bottle found in Cuthbert road, that he had taken both it and another from the clubhouse just before the storm began to rage that night.

"The hour; the very hour!" I muttered.

"He entered and left by that upper hall window, or so he says, but he is not to be believed in all his statements. Some of his declarations we know to be false."

"Which ones? Give me a specimen, Charlie. Mention something he has said that you know to be false."

"Well, it is hard to accuse a man of a direct lie. But he cannot be telling the truth when he says that he crossed the links immediately to Cuthbert road, thus cutting out the ride home of which we have such extraordinary proof."

Under the fear of betraying my thoughts I hurriedly closed my eyes. I was in an extraordinary position myself. What seemed falsehood to them struck me as the absolute truth. Carmel had been the one to go home; he, without doubt, had crossed the links as he said. As this conviction penetrated deeply and yet more deeply into my mind I shrank inexpressibly from the renewed mental struggle into which it plunged me. To have suffered myself—to have fallen under the ban of suspicion and the disgrace of arrest—had certainly been hard, but it was nothing to beholding another in the same plight through my own rash and ill advised attempt to better my position, and Carmel's by what I had considered a totally harmless subterfuge.

Forced by doubt to open my eyes, I met Clifton's full look turned watchfully on me. The result was calming. Even to my apprehensive gaze it betrayed no new enlightenment. My struggle had been all within. No token of it had reached him.

This he showed still more plainly when he spoke.

"There will be a close sifting of evidence at the inquest. You will not enjoy this, but the situation, hard as it may prove, has certainly improved so far as you are concerned. That should hasten your convalescence."

"Poor Arthur! burst from my lips, and the cry was echoed in my heart. "What sort of man would you make him out to be when you accuse him of robbing the wine vault on top of a murderous assault on his sister?"

"I know. It argues a brute, but he—"

"Arthur Cumberland is selfish, unresponsive and hard, but he is not a brute. I'm disposed to give him the benefit of my good opinion to this extent, Charlie. I cannot believe he first poisoned and then choked that noble woman."

Clifton drew himself up in his turn, astonishedly battling with renewed distrust.

"Either he or you, Ranelagh," he exclaimed firmly. "There is no third person. This you must realize."

Was Arthur in the clubhouse when I first stepped into it? It was just possible. I had been led to the lower gate-way, and he may have done the same as to the hour he left by the upper hall window. Whatever his denials on this or any subject, I was convinced that he knew as well as I that Carmel had been in the building with her sister and was involved more or less personally in the crime committed there. Might it not be simply as his accessory after the fact? If only I could believe this!

But she had gone in disguise to the Whispering Pines, and she had returned home in the same suspicious fashion.

The wearing of her brother Arthur's hat and coat over her own womanly garments was no freak. There had been purpose in it—a purpose which demanded secrecy. That Adelaide should have accompanied her under these circumstances was a mystery. But then the whole affair was a mystery, totally out of keeping in all its details with the characters of these women, save—and what a fearful exception I here make—the awful end, which, alas, bespoke the fiery rush and impulse to destroy which marked Carmel's unbridled rages.

Of a less emotional attack she would be as incapable as any other good woman. Poison she would never use. Its presence there was due to another's forethought, another's determination. But the poison had not killed. Both glasses had been emptied, but—ah, those glasses! What explanation had the police now for those two emptied glasses? They had hitherto supposed me to be the second person who had joined Adelaide in this totally uncharacteristic drinking.

Knowing nothing of Carmel, having been on the scene, they must ascribe this act either to Arthur or to me, and when they came to dwell upon this point more particularly they must see the improbability of her drinking with him under any circumstances. Then their thoughts would recur to me, and I should find myself again a suspect. The monstrous suggestion that Arthur had brought the liquor there himself, had poured it out and forced her to drink it, poison and all, out of revenge for her action at the dinner table a short time before, did not occur to me then, but if it had there were the three glasses—no would not bring three, nor would Adelaide, nor, as I saw it, would Carmel.

Chaos—however one looked at it, chaos! Only one fact was clear—that Carmel knew the whole story and might communicate the same if ever her brain cleared and she could be brought to reveal the mysteries of that hour.

Did I really desire such a consummation? Only God could tell. I only know that the fear and expectation of such an outcome made my anguish for the next two weeks.

Would she live? Would she die? The question was on every tongue. The crisis of her disease was approaching, and the next twenty-four hours would decide her fate, and in consequence my own, if not her brother Arthur's. As I contemplated the suspense of these twenty-four hours I revolted madly for the first time against the restrictions of my prison. I wanted air, movement, the rush into danger, which my horse or my automobile might afford—anything which would drag my thoughts from that sick room and the anticipated stir of that lovely form into conscious life and suffering.

Clifton told me no one was allowed in the sick room but the nurse and the doctor. Even Arthur was denied admission and was wearing himself out in his own room, as I was wearing myself out here, in restless inactivity.

He expected her to sink and never to recover consciousness and was loud in his expressions of rebellion against the men who dared to keep him from her bedside when her life was trembling in the balance. But the nurse had hopes, and so had the doctor. As for Carmel's looks, they were greatly changed, but beautiful still in spite of the cruel scar left by her fall against the burning bars of her sister's grate. No delirium disturbed the rigid immobility in which she now lay. I could await her awakening with quiet confidence in the justice of God.

Thus Clifton, in his ignorance.

The day was a blank one, and the evening hours were no better. The hands on my watch crawled. When the door finally opened it came as a shock. I knew that it was Clifton who entered, but I could not meet his eye.

I dug my nails into both my palms and waited for his first word. When it came I felt my spirits go down, down. I had thought them at their lowest ebb before. He hesitated and I started up.

"Tell me," I cried—"Carmel is dead!"

"Not dead," said he, "but silly. Her testimony is no more to be relied upon than that of any other wandering mind."

## CHAPTER XV.

"BREAK IN THE GLASS!"

IT was some time before I learned the particulars of Carmel's awakening. It had occurred at sunset. With the exception of the doctor and possibly the nurse, only those interested in her as a witness in the most perplexing case on the police annals were grouped in silent watchfulness about the room of mystery.

It came suddenly, as all great changes come. One moment her lids were down, her face calm, her whole figure quiet in its statue-like repose; the next her big violet eyes had dashed open upon the world, and lips and limbs were moving feebly but certainly in their suddenly recovered freedom. She murmured, half-petulant:

"Why do you look at me so? Oh, I remember. I remember! What's the matter?"

"I cannot move as I used to do. I feel—I feel!"

"You have been ill," came soothingly from the doctor. "You have been in bed many days. Now you are better and will soon be well. This is your nurse." He said nothing of the others who were so placed behind screens as to be invisible to her.

She continued to gaze first at one then at the other. As she did so the flush faded and gave way to an anxious, troubled expression—not just the expression anticipated by those who believed that with returning consciousness would come returning memory of the mysterious scene which had taken place between herself and her sister or between her sister and her brother prior to Adelaide's departure for the Whispering Pines.

"You have the same kind look for me as always," were her next words as her glance finally settled on the doctor. "But here—bring me the mirror!" she cried. "Let me see with my own eyes what I have now to expect from every one who looks at me. I want to know before Lila comes in. Why, isn't she here? Is she with—with—? Then is the shrill tones which will not be denied she demanded again, "The mirror!" Nurse Uwins brought it. Carmel was still for a long time, during which the nurse carried off the glass.

"I don't like it," Carmel acknowledged quietly to the doctor as he leaned over her with compassionate words. "I shall have to get acquainted with myself all over again. And so I have been ill. I shouldn't have thought a little burn like that would make me ill. How Adelaide must have worried!"

"Adelaide is—is not well herself. It distressed her to have been out when you fell. Don't you remember that she went out that night?"

"Did she? She was right. Adelaide must have every pleasure. She has—"

"Why isn't she here?"

earned her good times. I must be the one to stay home now and look after things and learn to be useful. I don't expect anything different. Call Adelaide and let me tell her how—how satisfied I am."

"But she's ill. She cannot come. Wait till tomorrow, dear child. Rest is what you need now. Take these few drops and go to sleep again."

"I can't take it," she protested. "I forget now why, but I can't take anything more from a glass. I've promised not to, I think. Take it away. It makes me feel queer. Where is Adelaide?"

Her memory was defective. She could not seem to take in what the doctor told her. But he tried her again. Once more he spoke of illness as the cause of Adelaide's absence. Her attention wandered while he spoke of it.

"How it did hurt!" she cried. "But I didn't think much about it. I thought only of—? Next moment her voice rose in a shriek, thin, but impetuous, and imbued with a note of excited feeling which made every person there start. "There should be two!" she cried. "Two! Why is there only one?"

This sounded like raving. The doctor's face took on a look of concern, and the nurse stirred uneasily.

"One is not enough! That is why Adelaide is not satisfied. Why does she not come and love and comfort me, as I expected her to? Tell her it is not too late yet, not too late yet, not too late!"

The doctor's hand was on her forehead.

"Rest," came in Dr. Carpenter's most soothing tones—"rest, my little Carmel; forget everything and rest." He thought he knew the significance of her revolt from the glass he had offered her. She remembered the scene at the Cumberland dinner table on that fatal night and shrank from anything that reminded her of it. Ordering the medicine put in a cup, he offered it to her again, and she drank it without question. As she quivered under its influence the disappointed listeners, now tiptoeing carefully from the room, heard her murmur in final appeal:

"Cannot Adelaide spare one minute from—from her company downstairs to wish me health and kiss me good night?"

Was it weakness or a settled inability to remember anything but that which filled her own mind?

It proved to be a settled inability to take in any new ideas or even to remember much beyond the completion of that dinner. As the days passed and news of her condition came to me from time to time I found that she had not only forgotten what had passed between herself and the rest of the family previous to their departure for the clubhouse, but all that had afterward occurred at the Whispering Pines, even to her own presence there and the ride home. She could not even retain in her mind for any appreciable length of time the idea of Adelaide's death. Even after Dr. Carpenter, with infinite precautions, revealed to her the truth—not that Adelaide had been murdered, but that Adelaide had passed away during the period of her own illness—Carmel gave but one cry of grief, then immediately burst forth in her old complaint that Adelaide neglected her. She had lost her happiness and hope and Adelaide would not spare her an hour.

This expression when I heard of it convinced me, as I believe it did some others, that her act of self denial in not humoring my whim and flying from home and duty that night had made a stronger impression on her mind than all that came after.

She never asked for Arthur. This may have grieved him; but, according to the doctor, she had no memory of him.

appeared to have the contrary effect and to bring him positive relief. When it was borne in on him, as it was soon to be borne in on all, that her mind was not what it was he grew noticeably more cheerful and less suspicious in his manner.

With this new shock of Carmel's inability to explain her own part in the tragedy and thus release my tension and make me a man again in my own eyes I lost the sustaining power which had previously held me up. I became apathetic, no longer counting the hours and thankful when they passed. Arthur had not been arrested, but he understood or allowed others to see that he was understood the reason for the surveillance under which he was now strictly kept.

Of the Inquest, which was held in due course, I shall not say much. Only one new fact was elicited by its means, and that of interest solely as making clear how there came to be evidence of poison in Adelaide's stomach without the quantity being great enough for more than a temporary disturbance.

Maggie, the second girl, had something to say about this when the trial which had held the poison was handed about for inspection. She had handled that trial many times on the shelf where it was kept. Once she had dropped it, and, the cork coming out, some of the contents had escaped. Frightened at the mishap, she had filled the vial up with water and put it, thus diluted, back on the shelf. No one had noticed the difference, and she had forgotten all about the matter until now. From her description, there must have been very little of the dangerous drug left in the vial and the jury rendered the noncommittal verdict:

"Death by strangulation at the hands of some person unknown."

I had expected this. The evidence, pointing as it did in two opposite directions, presented a problem which a coroner's jury could hardly be expected to solve. I was allowed one sweet half hour of freedom; then I was detained to await the action of the grand jury, and so was Arthur.

When I was informed of this latter fact I made a solemn vow to myself. It was this: If it falls to my lot to be indicted for this murderous offense I will continue to keep my own counsel. But if I escape and a true bill should be found against Arthur then will I follow my better instinct and reveal what I have hitherto kept concealed, even if the torment of the betrayal drives me to self destruction afterward, for I no longer cherished the smallest doubt that to Carmel's sudden rage, and to that alone, the death of Adelaide was due.

My reason for this change from troubled to absolute conviction can be easily explained. It dated from the Inquest and will best appear in the relation of an interview I held with my attorney, Charles Clifton, very soon after my second incarceration.

We had discussed the situation till there seemed to be nothing left to discuss. I understood him, and he thought he understood me. He believed Arthur guilty and credited me with the same convictions. Thus only could he explain my inconceivable reticence on certain points he was very well assured I could make clear if I would. That he was not the only man who had drawn these same conclusions from my attitude both before and during the Inquest troubled me greatly and deeply disturbed my conscience.

I introduced the topic thus: "You remember the detached sentences taken down by the nurse during the period of Carmel's unconsciousness. They were regarded as senseless ravings, and such they doubtless were, but there was one of them which attracted my attention and of which I should like an explanation. I wish I had that woman's little book here. I should like to read for myself those wandering utterances."

"You can," was the unexpected and welcome reply. "I took them all down in shorthand as they fell from Dr. Perry's lips. I have not had time since to transcribe them, but I can read some of them to you if you will give me an idea as to which ones you want."

"Read the first—what she said on the day of the funeral. I do not think the rest matter very much."

Clifton took a paper from her pocket and after only a short delay read out these words, among others:

"December the 5th.—At 3:30 p. m., as the services neared their close, a violent change took place in her appearance, and she uttered in shrill tones those astonishing words which horrified all below and made us feel that she had a clairvoyant knowledge of the closing of the casket then taking place."

"Break it open, break it open, and see if her heart is there!"

"Pause there," I said. "That is what I mean. It was not the only time she uttered that cry. If you will glance farther down you will come across a second exclamation of the like character."

"Yes; here it is. It was while the ubiquitous Sweetwater was mousing about the room."

"Read the very words he heard. I have a reason, Clifton. Humor me for this once."

"Certainly—no trouble. She cried this time: 'Break it open! Break the glass and look in. Her heart should be there—her heart—her heart!' Horrible, but you insisted, Ranelagh."

"I thought I heard that word glass," I muttered, more to myself than to him. Then, with a choking fear of giving away my thought, but unable to resist the opportunity of settling my own fears, I asked, "Was there glass in the casket lid?"

"No; there never is."

"But she may have thought there was," I suggested hastily. Then before he could reply, "What do you think the nurse meant by a violent change in her patient?"

"Why, she roused up, I suppose—moved or made some wild or feverish gesture."

"That is what I should like to know. Is the detective, Sweetwater, still in town?"

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# KING GEORGE IS CROWNED

Great Britain's Ruler Formally  
Ascends the Throne

## A GREAT DAY IN LONDON

Marvelous Scene Enacted in Westminster Abbey as Ancient Ceremony Is Performed—Hundreds of Thousands Celebrate the Imposing Event—Simple Ceremony at Coronation of the Queen

London, June 22.—King George was today crowned amid scenes that surpassed any that have marked previous coronations. The program adhered strictly to the arrangements.

In anticipation of the day's event large crowds were early in the streets, along the Strand and around Westminster abbey. Many remained up all night in the hope of getting a good vantage point from which to see the royal procession. Festoons, flags and streamers were everywhere, and the coronation route was lavishly decorated with masses of color. Stand speculators did a thriving business.



KING GEORGE V  
in His Coronation Robes

The abbey began to fill several hours before the time set for the coronation service. As the distinguished personages were conducted to their allotted seats the opera glasses in the gallery critically examined the gowns and jewels. Such a display of jewels never before was seen at a court ceremony.

The procession of their majesties in their coach from Buckingham palace, the home of Britain's king and queen, to Westminster abbey, where the coronation service took place, was without special incident.

The service in the abbey began with the consecration of the regalia. As the king and queen came in sight the archbishop of Canterbury took his seat in front of the coronation chair. The queen passed to the left of the throne and to her chair. Then the king appeared, bowed to the queen as he passed her and knelt in prayer before his chair in front of the throne.

The king stood while the archbishop read the recognition, or election, beginning, "Sirs, I here present unto you King George, the undoubted king of this realm," etc. The king and queen knelt while the archbishop said the communion service, and the singing of the Creed followed.

Next came the administration of the oath. The archbishop, standing before the king's chair, asked, "Sir, is your majesty willing to take the oath?" The king answered, "I am willing," and signed the oath.

After the archbishop's anointing prayer the sword, armillae and all were delivered to the king, according to the program. The choir started "God Save the King," and this was the signal which started bell ringing, gun firing and shouting throughout the city's streets.

The Bible having been presented, the king knelt to receive the benediction. He then walked to the great throne, where the archbishop, Prince of Wales and nobles knelt and paid homage.

The queen's crowning was brief and simple. She left her chair and proceeded to the altar steps, where she was quickly crowned by the archbishop of York. She was then led to the throne beside that in which the king sat. She bowed to him, and both walked to the altar and received the communion.

The service was completed with the singing of the "Te Deum."

Salutes and massed bands playing "God Save the King" marked the departure of their majesties from the abbey. The procession returned to the palace by a more circuitous route than that taken in going to the abbey in order to afford a view to additional hundreds of thousands.

As the king and queen rode through the streets jubilation was unrestrained, and the crowds kept parading the streets for hours afterward.

Both the king and queen bore the fatiguing ceremony well. While the coronation was being solemnized mes-

### QUEEN MARY

In Coronation Robes She Wore  
at the Coronation of George V



sages of congratulation poured in from all over the world.

The state carriage in which King George proceeded to the coronation has carried five of his predecessors to the abbey on a similar occasion. It was built 160 years ago; in 1761, for King George III, and its body, which weighs over four tons, is of fine oak, with allegorical paintings by Cipriani on the panels. Its initial cost was \$35,000. George IV, William IV, Victoria and Edward VII also rode in it to their coronations. It was drawn by eight of the celebrated cream horses from the royal stables, and a groom in state livery walked at each horse's head. The harness, which is covered with red morocco leather, with gold plated metal fittings, was the same as was used at Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee and at Edward VII's coronation in 1902.

The king wore his crimson robes during the impressive ceremony of the recognition. For the ceremony of the anointing the crimson robes and cap of state were removed, and as he sat in the historic coronation chair he wore the underjacket of cloth of gold embroidered with palm branches and the national emblems of England, Ireland and Scotland. When he had been anointed on the crown of the head, on the breast and on the palms of both hands, he was robed in amice, stole and royal dalmatic—ecclesiastical vestments transformed into magnificent robes of cloth of gold, described in the coronation ritual as "the colubium sindonis and the super-tunica, or close pall of cloth of gold, together with a girdle of the same." When the spurs had been presented and the king had been girt with a sword he was invested with the imperial mantle of cloth of gold and the armillae, or bracelets of gold, edged with pearls and ornamented with harps, roses and fleurs-de-lis. In these handsome vestments he was crowned and enthroned.

The queen looked exquisite in her coronation dress of deep ivory duchess satin cut in princess style. The embroidery was of gold thread of varying tints, giving a delicate light and shade. A rose, shamrock and thistle in the form of a tree tapered toward the waist and widened at the corsage. Around the bottom of the gown were lotus leaves on a surface of water, emblematic of India, and the seas of empire. In front of the gown was the star of India enveloped by the rose, shamrock and thistle design. The queen's train was six yards long and one and a half yards wide, fastened at the shoulders with gold cord. The train was of royal purple velvet lined with ermine, with deep edges overturned forming the hem. On the inner side of the train was embroidered a chain of oak leaves and acorns with medallions of rose, shamrock and thistle at frequent intervals.

### HER 103D BIRTHDAY

Woman Has Brother Still Older Who  
Splits Wood For Exercise

Gloucester, Mass., June 23.—Gloucester's oldest resident, Mrs. Lucy S. Hickey, observed her 103d birthday at the home of her son, Captain John G. Hickey.

She has one brother living, Joshua Selig, who is 107 years old and lives at Portugal Cove, N. S. He splits wood every day for exercise.

Mrs. Hickey was born and lived in Nova Scotia to May, 1809. She had never been farther than a radius of twenty miles of Halifax since her marriage until she came to this city to live. Of seven children, all but two are living.

Careful Safe-Blowing Job  
Boston, June 23.—The postoffice at Burrage was robbed by seagulls, who got away with \$200 after blowing the safe with nitroglycerine. The blowing of the safe was done so carefully that only the lock was broken.

American Boat Again Wins  
Kiel, June 23.—The American yacht Hibelot won Thursday's international sander race, the Beaver, also American, finishing second, and the German Seehund third.

To Carry Out Taft's Desire  
Washington, June 23.—Senator McCumber introduced a bill amending the pure food and drugs act to conform with the recommendations made to congress by President Taft.

## RECIPROCITY IS MENACED

Coalition Wrecks Control of Senate From Republicans

### WOOL AND FREE LIST BILLS

Finance Committee Throws Both Measures Into Open Senate to Take Chances Along With Canadian Agreement, Which May Be Killed—Republicans Disclaim Further Responsibility

Washington, June 23.—An already badly tangled situation in the senate was still further complicated when the senate finance committee decided to throw the wool revision and so-called farmers' free list bills, recently passed by the Democratic house of representatives, into the open senate at once, to take their chances along with Canadian reciprocity. Both measures, however, received formal adverse committee reports.

The committee refused to take responsibility for reporting in detail on these measures at any given time, and decided to cast the burden of senate legislation upon the coalition of the Democrats and insurgent Republicans, suddenly brought about when the wool bill came from the house.

The finance committee had been instructed to report the wool bill by July 10. It was reported that Senator Clapp proposed to offer a resolution of instruction as to the free list bill, but the committee forestalled such action.

The effect on reciprocity of yesterday's action is problematical. Some opponents of reciprocity express the hope that it will kill the bill. Friends of the measure agree that it means a long delay to say the least. Some of the insurgents declare reciprocity ultimately will pass, but in amended form. There seems little doubt that the real fight will come on efforts to amend the bill.

Other predictions are made that the senate soon will be plunged into what may prove to be a general tariff revision fight.

"It has been demonstrated that the Republicans no longer are in control of the senate and responsibility has been taken from them."

This statement from Senator Penrose, chairman of the once powerful committee on finance, reflects the chaotic conditions in the senate, as a result of Wednesday night's fight over the house wool bill, which brought about a coalition of Democrats and progressive Republicans. By 39 to 13 this coalition instructed the finance committee to report the wool bill to the senate by July 10.

Endorsing Penrose's statement "that the Republican party no longer was responsible for the conduct of affairs in the senate," Senator Lodge said he was glad the responsibility was to be placed where it belonged.

"I shall take a great deal of pleasure," he added, "in sitting back and watching the senate struggle with a tariff bill that has not been passed upon by the finance committee. It will take a long while to get through a situation like this, but we can wait."

All guesses as to a possible date of adjournment, it is now admitted, are worse than useless. Some senators believe the extra session ultimately will dovetail into the regular session next December.

### "HANDLES LIKE A CATBOAT"

The Gigantic Olympic Completes Her Maiden Trip to New York

New York, June 22.—The White Star steamship Olympic, with her 832½ feet of fresh-painted black sides glistening in the sunlight, slid into port and gave New York its first glimpse of the largest ship afloat.

It was her first trip, and her captain said she would do better next time. It took her 5 days 16 hours and 42 minutes to cross.

"She handles like a catboat," remarked Pilot Adler, as he relinquished the wheel with the fastening of the last hawser.

### SENATOR WARREN TO WED

Wyoming Man's Bride-to-Be More Than Thirty Years His Junior

Washington, June 20.—Senator Francis E. Warren of Wyoming surprised his fellow senators when he announced that in the near future he will marry Miss Clara Le Baron Morgan of New York and Washington.

Miss Morgan is the daughter of the late John L. Morgan of Groton, Conn., and is about 35 years of age. The senator is 67 years old.

Little Fellow Kills Niece  
Stratford, Conn., June 19.—Natalie Donaldson, 4 years old, was instantly killed by the discharge of a shotgun in the hands of her half uncle, William G. Smith, 13 years old. The medical examiner stated that the shooting was accidental.

Braamcamp President of Portugal  
Lisbon, June 22.—Anselmo Braamcamp was elected president of the republic of Portugal, by the constituent assembly.

Student Killed in Auto Accident  
Milford, Conn., June 23.—Walter S. Jarvis of Brooklyn, a junior at Trinity college, Hartford, was almost instantly killed here when an automobile which he was driving was thrown against a fence by the blowing out of a rear tire.

### EDDY WILL IS PROBATED

Question of Domicile to Be Settled by Massachusetts Supreme Court

Boston, June 23.—The will of Mrs. Mary Isaker U. Eddy, in the form of a copy of the original document, was admitted to probate in Suffolk county by Judge George after a hearing.

No objection to its being allowed was made, but Attorney General Swift, on behalf of the state, entered an appeal to the supreme court from the decree. The question involved in this case and another one relating to her estate now pending before that bench is where her domicile was.

Charles F. Choate offered the copy of the will with an authenticated record of proceedings relating to it in the New Hampshire probate court at Concord.

Massachusetts alleges that Mrs. Eddy's home was in this commonwealth. It is argued by New Hampshire she lived in that state. There is a question, between that two commonwealths as to rights to levy inheritance taxation upon her property.

By permitting the will to be probated here without a fight and taking the matter direct to the supreme court, the expense and delay of two trials is reduced to that of one. All issues will be settled by the supreme court at one hearing.

### PAY \$2500 EACH

Plass and Brooks Fined For Fraudulent Use of the Mails

Boston, June 20.—Rev. Norman Plass and Charles H. Brooks, two of the three defendants who pleaded guilty during their trial on charges of using the mails in a scheme to defraud in connection with the Redeemable Investment company, were each fined \$2500 by Judge Dodge in the United States district court.

The case of the third defendant, John I. Traphagen, went over a few days because he was not ready to pay his fine. Plass and Brooks paid the fines in cash.

It is understood that Traphagen will not be called upon to pay so heavy a fine as that of Plass and Brooks for the reason that the government looks upon him as a lesser offender.

### BONDSMEN ORDERED TO GIVE UP \$25,000

Court Grants County Forfeited Bail to That Amount

Salem, Mass., June 23.—Essex county was awarded a judgment of \$25,000 on a defaulted bail bond by Judge Bell in the superior criminal court here.

After pleading guilty several months ago to an indictment charging larceny, conspiracy and receiving stolen goods, Phillip Bloomfield of Chelsea disappeared, thereby forfeiting a bail bond of \$35,000 furnished by Frank Gross and Reuben Bloomfield. District Attorney Attwill, for the county, sued the bondsmen for the amount of the bond, and the court awarded the county \$25,000. Gross and Bloomfield immediately filed a bill of exceptions to the judgment.

Phillip Bloomfield was arrested in connection with an extensive system of stealing copper from the General Electric company at Lynn.

### HUMAN REMAINS ARE FOUND IN THE MAINE

Bones of Many Sailors Supposed to Be in Wreck

Havana, June 20.—The first human parts to be recovered from the wreck of the American battleship Maine were discovered when workmen removing mud and debris from the spar deck just forward of the after superstructure discovered the blackened and coral-encrusted bones of a left forearm and right foot.

The total number killed the explosion of the Maine was two officers and 250 men. Eight of the crew later died of their injuries. The body of one officer and the bodies of 191 men were recovered. Sixty-eight bodies were not found. The bones of many of these are supposed to be still in the wreck.

The explorers recovered plates and other chinaware in the officers' quarters, identified later as parts of the dinner service of the captain and wardrobe mess. All were in good state of preservation.

### FIRST OF PROPOSED FLEET

Yacht of the Salvation Navy Is Dedicated at New York

New York, June 21.—With the dedication today of the first of a proposed fleet of yachts, the Salvation Army in America established a branch which it expects to make co-ordinate with its land forces for religious work.

The yacht is the gift of Bradley L. Gilbert, an architect, and it will start immediately upon a cruise along the Atlantic coast. It will touch at many cities and towns and conduct open-air services, where meetings, and distribute literature. Crew and commander are Salvationists.

Commander Booth says the Salvation Navy is to become an important part of the Army's operations in this country. She expects this yacht to be the nucleus of a considerable fleet.

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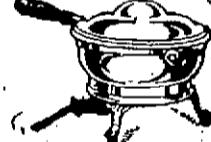
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If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescription that was on file at Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Oculist's prescriptions given personal attention.

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Successful boarding house-keeper to live on main street. Successful society lady. W. G. PECKHAM, Westfield, N. J.

Baron (to creditors)—I see no hopes of being able to pay what I owe you. Why not organize a suicide club?—Megendorfer Blatter.

## BORDER TOWNS.

Many That Are Partly in One State and Partly in Another.

A number of towns and villages in the United States are situated on state boundary lines. The names of some of these are formed on the model of what Lewis Carroll called "portmanteau" words. Delmar and Maryland, for example, are on the line between Maryland and Delaware. Pen Mar is on the Pennsylvania and Maryland line. Morark is named from Missouri (Mo.) and Arkansas (Ark.). Texarkana is partly in Texas and partly in Arkansas. Illinois is on or near the Indiana line. State Line, which is half in Connecticut and half in New York, with numerous instances of the sort in other states, is a self-explanatory name.

Other border towns whose names do not indicate their position are Port Chester (New York and Connecticut), Blackstone (Massachusetts and Rhode Island), Westerly (Rhode Island and Connecticut), Kansas City (Missouri and Kansas), Guthrie and Fulton (each partly in Kentucky and partly in Tennessee), Harrison and Union City (in Indiana and Ohio), and Great Falls (New Hampshire and Maine). What is virtually one town on the border boundary of Tennessee and Virginia is legally known as Bristol on the Tennessee side and Goodson on the Virginia side. A number of smaller towns might be added to the list.—New York Tribune.

## POSTED ON RUBBER.

He Couldn't Be Fooled About the Growth of the Trees.

A promoter for a rubber company was trying to persuade Mr. Spangler to invest some of his savings in the company's stock. The demand for rubber, he said, was worldwide and constantly increasing. The company owned immense forests of rubber trees and kept an army of workers employed all the time in gathering the crude rubber. The output was enormous, and the profits well, the scheme was certainly better than a gold mine.

"I have heard," said Mr. Spangler suspiciously, "that the forests are being exhausted."

"That's true to some extent," answered the other, "but we are not depending on the existing trees. We are planting hundreds of square miles with new trees."

"How long does it take for a tree to grow big enough to tap?"

"Only six or eight years."

"That won't go down with me," said Mr. Spangler, with emphasis. "My wife has had a rubber plant in the front parlor for six years, where it's warm all the time, winter and summer, and it hasn't grown a foot in all that time. No, sir; you can't fool me on that!"—Youth's Companion.

## Men Eating Wild Men.

In the celebrated "Traveller" of Edward Webb (1890) are dozens of stories that would make Munchausen turn green with envy. One of the most celebrated of these is his story of the wild men of Prester John, which is as follows:

"In the court of Prester John there is a wild man and another in the high street of Constantinople whose allowance is every day a quarter of raw mutton, and when any man dyeth for some notorious offence then they are allowed every day a quarter of man's flesh. These wild men are chained fast to a post every day, the one in Prester John's court, the other in the high street of Constantinople, each of them having a mantell about their shoulders, and all over their bodies they have wonderful long hair. They are chained by the neck lest they speedily devour all that cometh within their reach."

## England's Uncrowned King.

Of the long line of kings which have ruled England since the days of William the Conqueror, nearly 900 years ago, there has been only one uncrowned king. King Edward V., the boy king, who met an untoward fate in the Tower of London in 1483, is the only monarch who reigned without receiving the church's blessing or the formal homage of his subjects. Some people include Lady Jane Grey among England's monarchs. If this doubtful claim is allowed England's only uncrowned queen ranks with Edward V. and deprives him of one distinction.—London Tit-Bits.

## A Triumph of Imagination.

Tallandier told me that a great architect of his acquaintance in Paris had set himself to make an exact design of the imaginary abbey of Thelme, minutely described by Rabelais, and told him that if such an edifice were to be erected it would be the most perfect building every known.—Conway's Autobiography.

## Peace at Last.

Mr. Hoon—Scrappington and his wife have parted. Mrs. Hoon—Good gracious! What is the trouble? Mr. Hoon—There isn't any trouble now. They have parted.—Smart Set.

## No Doubt in His Mind.

Young Bachelor—I often wonder if I am making enough money to get married on. Old Benedict—Well, I don't know how much you're making, but you ain't—Puck.

## The Whole Period.

"There is a period in a woman's life when she thinks of nothing but dress." "What period is that?" "From the cradle to the grave."—Puck.

Neither despise nor oppose what thou dost not understand.—William Penn.

## The Only Road.

Some young divinity students were trying to drag Bishop Whitworth into a discussion as to which was the best road to heaven.

"Well," said the bishop, "there is only one road to heaven that I know of, and that is to turn to the right and go straight on."

## Snubbing an Ex-President.

On the morning of March 4, 1844, Mr. Tyler left the White House, not caring to assist in the inauguration of his successor. As the Potomac steamer was about to swing away from the wharf, which was crowded with those who were glad to see the ex-president depart, he came along with his family, a squadron of negro servants and a great lot of luggage. As they alighted from their carriages at the head of the wharf the whistle sounded, the boat's bell rang, and she began slowly to move away. Some one in the crowd sang out: "Hello—hello, captain! Hold on there! Ex-President Tyler is coming! Hold on!" The captain, an old Clay Whig, standing near the stern of the boat on the upper deck, looked over the rail, saw the presidential crowd coming, but pulled his engine bell violently and shouted: "Ex-President Tyler be dashed! Let him stay."

This scene was photographed, and copies hung for years in many of the saloons and public houses of Washington.—Perry's Reminiscences.

## Bloodhounds.

A bloodhound is not much more dangerous than a French poodle. His flop ears and wrinkled forehead give him an appearance that does not invite intimacy, but he cannot help his looks, and despite them is a sociable, good natured dog. He has not a keener scent than any other member of the hound family. As a man chaser he is a dismal failure. A crime has been committed, the trail of the criminal is warm, a pack of the best bloodhounds from the next county is turned loose, etc. One may read something like this every week. But one never reads of these bloodhounds really getting the criminal at bay. If they find a man he is the wrong man. No one ever ought to be convicted on the testimony of a bloodhound. A bloodhound on the trail of a criminal is just as apt as not to trot up to the back porch of a gentle old parson and wag his tail in ecstasy at sight of a ham bone.—Washington Star.

## Great Writers and Great Readers.

Miscunly was quite contented if he turned out two foolscap pages as his actual completed task in mere writing for one day. He was never tired of laying in new stores, and he persistently refreshed his memory by running over books which he had read oftentimes before. The books and manuscripts which Gibbon read in twenty years reached such an enormous number that when he attempted to form a catalogue of them he was compelled to give up the task in despair. He was constantly adding to the enormous reservoir of knowledge which he had at command, and thus his works never grew stale, and he was ready instantly with a hundred illustrative lights on any point which chanced to crop up either in conversation or in the course of his reading.—Exchange.

## Did He Get Off?

The famous Liddell, who, with Scott, compiled Liddell and Scott's lexicon, was dean of Christchurch college, Oxford. It was whispered in regard to the lexicon that Liddell provided the money and Scott the brains. A young undergraduate was hated before the dean for some misdemeanor. "I hear, Mr. —, that you have a pretty wit for impromptu verse," said the dean. "If you will write one on the lexicon I will let you off." The young man thought a moment and then said: "There's a lexicon written by Liddell and Scott."

Some of it's good, and some of it's not. The part that is good was written by Scott. The part that was written by Liddell is not.

## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## In Pitt's Day the Speaker Kept Himself Stimulated With Porter.

The speaker of the English house of commons holds an enviable position today, but it was not until comparatively modern times that the speaker ceased to be a paragon, nor was his position always one of his present dignity. In the time of Pitt the speaker was accustomed to solace himself with a draft of porter.

Liko said Prometheus fastened to the rock, in vain he looks for pity to the clock, in vain the effects of strengthening porter tries.

And nods to Belamy for fresh supplies.

Manners were somewhat looser in those days than they are now. Pitt himself on one occasion showed signs of a too copious libation to the gods, and this gave rise to the celebrated couplet:

I cannot see the speaker, Hal. Can you? What! Cannot see the speaker? I see two.

It is said that on one occasion Mr. Disraeli arrived at the house somewhat "under the influence" and was so indiscreet as to attack Mr. Gladstone, then prime minister, upon some point of foreign policy. Mr. Gladstone replied witheringly that "the right honorable gentleman evidently has sources of inspiration from which her majesty's ministers are debauched."—Argonaut.

## Travel at Home.

"Whenever I get the wanderlust," says the philosopher, "I get the cook to burn the steak and serve me some coffee that tastes as though it had brown pepper in it. Then I sit in the most uncomfortable chair in the house and try to read a newspaper in a poor light. I then go outdoors and let a rinder blow in my eye, then go back in and go to bed on a cot that is four inches too short and a foot too narrow for me, with covers that gather themselves about my waist and leave my feet bare, while a clever contrivance sends alternate hot and cold blasts across me. Next morning I have indigestion, a sore eye and a cold and a fine assortment of aches and pains, but I also have all the sensations of having been on a trip and am spared the worry of getting home again, for I am already there."—Life.

It is a very great thing for us to do the very best we can do just where and as we are.—Babcock.

## His Choice of Weapons.

In "A Century of English Ballads," a book by Harold Simpson, there is a delightful story of Stephen Incedon, an eminent tutor of other days, whose stinging of "Black Eyed Susan" was peculiarly to the people's taste. While staying at a country inn Incedon had quarreled during the evening with an army officer. He imagined he had closed the controversy by going off to bed, but the officer, left downstairs to brood over his wrongs, thought otherwise. Making his way to Incedon's bedroom, he found the sleeper fast asleep. When he succeeded in waking him, a matter of some difficulty, the officer demanded satisfaction.

"Satisfaction?" murmured Incedon sleepily. "Well, you shall have it." Whereupon he sat up in bed and sang "Black Eyed Susan" in his best style. "There," he said, lying down again, "my singing of that song has given satisfaction to thousands, and it will have to satisfy you." And he turned over and went to sleep again.

## West Point Traditions.

"It is an interesting fact, often referred to at alumni reunions and in addresses delivered to the cadets at West Point," said a retired army officer, "that one of the most distinguished of the graduates of the academy, who afterward wore the epaulettes of a major general, was once a bootblack on the streets of New York and was playing his trade when he noticed in a newspaper an announcement of a vacancy at the academy for the district in which he lived, and he applied for it."

"Another of the traditions," continued the officer, "is that one of the best cadet officers that ever wore the gray was the son of a convict, and, although that fact was known to every one of his comrades, it never made the slightest difference in his social standing. I do not know of any other institution where the same social recognition and the same loyalty of comradeship would be displayed."—Washington Herald.

## Taming a Tiger.

"It is nothing but kindness that makes animals really tame," said a trainer. "All the terrible accidents that used to occur so frequently to trainers and tanners were due to the fact that the animals had been cowed and not won by kindness. I remember a savage Bengal tiger which was sent to me from Calcutta some years ago. When he arrived he was in a state of fury and rage and for several days would fly at me whenever I approached his cage. I paid him a daily visit, putting as I approached, which was like speaking his own language, and he gave up gradually his furious greeting. After a week I took a piece of meat at each visit, for the way to the heart is through the stomach, and that does not apply to tigers alone. At the end of four weeks I could touch him, and three months later he had quite realized that no one wanted to hurt him and used to come quietly to the bars to be stroked each day."

## Sir Walter and the Royal Glass.

In 1820 George IV. conferred a baronetcy upon Walter Scott. Two years later the king of England went to pay a visit to his Scotch subjects. He was received with indescribable enthusiasm, and Scott led the manifestations organized in his honor.

"You are the one Scotchman I have chiefly desired to see," said the sovereign. The two men then drank one another's health, and Scott begged George IV. to give him the glass which he had just put to his lips. The favor was granted, and the poet put the glass in his pocket.

Unfortunately when he got home he forgot to place the relic in safety, sat down upon it and broke it into a thousand pieces.—From De Monvel's "Beau Brummel."

## The Romans Dressed For Dinner.

A sartorial authority says that the custom of dressing for dinner began with the Romans. It was a simpler procedure than at present. A loose robe of fine material was donned for the evening meal, preferably at home, but in cases where guests came from a distance at the home of the host, who kept a supply of dinner clothes on hand for the use of his guests who came unprovided.—Springfield Republican.

## All But That.

"My present patient," said the pretty nurse, "is a peevish old millionaire."

"Never mind. He may ask you to marry him."

"Yes, he may. He has about run out of other requests."—Kansas City Journal.

## Ought to Be Well Posted.

"I am quite surprised, Mr. Meeker, at your wife's knowledge of parliamentary law."

"She? Great Caesar! Haven't she been speaker of the house for the last fifteen years?"

## Quits Frank.

The Old One—So you wish to marry my daughter, eh? Do you drink? The Young One—Thank you; not just at present. Business before pleasure is my motto.—Philadelphia Record.

## The Important Question.

It is idle to frame such a query as "Can the cook be a lady?" The real question is now and ever will be, "Can the lady cook?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## Economy.

She—Don't let us have offers this evening. Let's be economical, and then you can buy me that pearl necklace I told you of.—Rita.

## Why, Indeed?

He—What would you say if I should kiss you? She—Why ask for a mere guess when you can so easily get the exact facts?—Boston Transcript.

## The fine art of living is to draw from each person his best.—Whiting.

## Blingling Gold Beads.

"We used to string gold beads on a slender gold chain," said the jeweler, "but now we don't unless ordered. The gold used in the chain is harder than that of which the beads are made, and so the chain wears the beads in their perforations and channels out little worn places at the ends of the perforations in the circumference of the beads and so makes them less perfect. And, however slender the chain may be, beads strung on a chain do not fall and lie in curves always smooth and graceful. So now usually we string gold beads on a silk cord, a material of perfect smoothness, flexibility and adaptability; on a silk cord the string of beads falls gracefully. To be sure, the silk wears out sooner than a gold chain would do, and if strung on silk the beads should be restringed once or twice a year, according to how much they are worn, but for stringing gold beads a silk cord seems to answer the purpose most perfectly."—New York Sun.

## A Paradise For "Old Women."

Talk of growing old at sixty and one recalls a society in which to acquire age was to acquire recognition and social happiness. Lady Mary Montagu discovered this haven for the elderly among the Viennese nobility of the early eighteenth century. "I can assure you," she wrote home to Lady Rich in 1716, "that wrinkles or a small stoop in the shoulders—nay, gray hair itself—is no objection to making new conquests. \* \* \* A woman till five and thirty is only looked upon as a raw girl and can possibly make no noise in the world till about forty. I don't know what your ladyship may think about the matter, but 'tis a considerable comfort to me to know there is upon earth such a paradise for old women, and I am content to be insignificant at present in the design of returning when I am fit to appear no where else."

## High Winds and Skyscrapers.

Speaking of the effect of high winds upon the skyscrapers, the superintendent of buildings in New York city said: "Observation has been made on several tall buildings from time to time as to the effect of wind. We find there is a slight movement to almost every building. In the case of some of the tallest this movement frequently amounts to as much as eight or ten inches horizontally, as shown by the plumb lines. However, there is no noticeable vibration, and whatever movement there is is gradual and cannot be felt. This does not affect in any way the safety of the structure, as these buildings are designed to withstand the necessary effects of the wind as well as to support the weight of the building itself and its contents."

## The Amateur Tailor.

The university don is not always the helpless and unpractical person of popular caricature. There was, for example, the Mr. Goodhart of Trinity, who, we are told in "Highways and Byways in Cambridge," "was an object of special admiration to all who knew him. He was, in fact, a kind of Admirable Crichton; not only a man of great intellectual power (as fellows of Trinity must needs be, for these fellowships are the blue ribbon of the university), but excellent at all athletic pursuits and able to do successfully whatever thing he set his hand to. It is recorded that on one occasion a bet was laid that he could not make himself an entire suit of clothes and wear them for a month without their amateur origin being detected. Goodhart won."

## Joss Sticks.

The composition of the candles called joss sticks, which are used in all the religious ceremonies of Buddhism, for a long time remained a mystery, the preparation of the sticks being entrusted to certain persons chosen from a limited class. Not long ago, however, a French chemist learned the manner of making joss sticks in Indo-China. A stem of bamboo is rolled in a preparation containing fourteen different odoriferous drugs, two of which are significant as showing a knowledge of chemical and physical properties. These are acetic, which serves to protect the sticks against the attacks of rats and mice, and camphor, which causes them to burn steadily without being periodically extinguished.—New York Press.

## Overprecocious.

They are too precocious, these kids. We met a little fellow on the street the other morning and, seeing books under his arm, started conversation with:

"Well, well—are you going to school now?"

"Sure I am," sneered the infant.

"Why wouldn't I? I'm over six."

"And do you love your teacher?"

"Ger, no! That old hen's too old for me!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Knew the Brand.

"Is that a Landseer, Mr. Croesus?" asked the visitor, pausing before the painting.

"No," replied the host; "reckon it is a Durham. See how broad it is between the horns, and see the color and curl on its forehead. That's a genuine Durham sure."—Exchange.

## Different Now.

"He seems to be quite a big man in politics now. I suppose he has got over his old habit of stooping for bribes."

"Oh, yes. They hand them up to him now."—Puck.

## Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.—Broadhurst.

## Mud Baths.

Meeker—This paper says that mud baths will cure rheumatism. Seeker—Nonsense! I've run for office three or four times, and it didn't do me a bit of good.—Chicago News.

## How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!—Shakespeare.

## Children Cry for Fletcher's

## CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Dr. H. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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## London Built on Sponges.

One could surely find no worse ground to build upon than a bed of sponges such as we use for the bath. And yet London has for its subsoil only sponges, although we call them flints. Once they grow as sponges do now in salt water shallows, and they are found in layers petrified among the chalk of southern England. The Thames valley chalk has been melted like so much sugar and carried away with the running waters, but the flints have been left behind, and on these the whole city of London has found its excellent foundations.—London Spectator.

## Homely Illustration.

"Sometimes a virtue can be exaggerated until it becomes a vice," said the earnest adviser.

"I see exactly what you're comin' at," replied Tarantula Tim. "Whereas four acres is a blessing on me greatly to be admired, five of 'em kin create untold dissension."—Washington Star.

## A Leading Question.

"Mr. Wombat?"

"What is it, Tommy?"

"When you were a little boy and fellers called on your sister did they ever give you a nickel to go out and play?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Mean.

Mrs. Buxom—That hateful Mrs. Knox made a very mean comment upon my age today. Mr. Buxom—Did she say you were getting old? Mrs. Buxom—No, indeed! She said I still looked quite young.

## Lofty Literature.

An editor, in reply to a young writer who wished to know which magazine would give him the highest position quickest, advised "a powder magazine, especially if you contribute a fiery article."

Never tell your resolution before-hand.—Selden.

## Children Cry

## FOR FLETCHER'S

## CASTORIA

## An Ancient Rain Gauge.

The credit of inventing the rain gauge has always been given to Castelli, a contemporary of Galileo, who made one in 1639, but the director of the Korean meteorological observatory, Dr. Y. Wada, has shown that it is due to a Korean king. The latter, King Sejo, in the year 1492 caused an instrument of bronze to be constructed to measure the rain, and it is set out in the historical records of Korea that this was a vase fifteen inches deep and seven inches in diameter, placed upon a pillar. An example of this was placed in the observatory, and each time the rain fell the officials were instructed to measure the height and to make it known to the king. Other instruments were distributed to the provinces and cantons, and the results of the observations made were sent to court.—Knowledge.

## Queer Anatomy.

Curious ideas about anatomy prevail in the press. It was stated the other day that a man was "shot in the ticket office." Another paper says a man was "shot in the suburbs." "He kissed her passionately upon her reappearance." "She whipped him upon her return." "He kissed her back." "Mr. Jones walked in upon her invitation." "She seated herself upon his entering." "We thought she sat down upon her being asked." "She fainted upon his departure."

## A Regular Hamlet Player.

"Did you ever play in 'Hamlet'?" Inquired a theatrical manager of a recent acquisition to his company. "Ever!" exclaimed the newcomer. "Why, I've played in every Hamlet of Great Britain!"—London Tit-Bits.

## Like a Man.

"Did Hawkins take his punishment like a man?" asked Lollybry. "You bet he did," laughed Dubbleigh. "He hollered and yelled and used strong language to beat creation."—Harper's Weekly.

Never mind where you work. Let your care be for the work itself.—Spurgeon.

## Felt Sorry For His Mule.

In a trip over the Sierra Nevada a Californian took with him not only his favorite horse, but a mule named Billy. Billy was a large, gray mule of the pack variety and had more than once made the trip.

On the second day in the mountains the owner tethered Billy to a tree, allowing him about twenty feet range where there was good feed, and then took a seat on a fallen log not far away to eat his own lunch. He had finished his meal and was half dozing, when suddenly the mule reared and snorted loudly. His owner sprang to his feet and looked about.

Not ten feet off stood a huge grizzly bear, evidently with designs on the owner of the mule. That individual rushed for the nearest tree and made good time in climbing it. He was safe for the moment, but how about Billy? How could the tethered mule defend himself?

To his owner's surprise Billy dropped his head after a moment and resumed feeding as if oblivious of the grizzly's proximity. As for the bear, he stood still for several minutes, his eyes wandering from the mule in the tree to Billy. The mule's composed demeanor evidently puzzled him.

By and by the grizzly started to make a circuit of the tree to which the mule was tethered. Billy continued to nibble grass, but kept an eye on the enemy's movements. The bear emitted a series of deep growls, then opened his great mouth and disclosed two rows of ugly teeth.

Slowly the great creature advanced upon the mule. Billy still continued to graze, his back toward the bear. Never came the grizzly and still nearer. The mule stopped feeding. From his perch the Californian watched the scene with breathless interest. He felt sorry for his mule.

Finally the bear stopped, rose on his hind quarters and prepared to strike. At that moment the mule, at whose stupidity his owner had wondered, sprang forward, and the grizzly's paws struck empty air.

Then the mule in the tree saw a gray form double itself into a ball and bound upward. It was the mule's turn. Out of that ball fell two iron shod hoofs, which struck back and forth with the regularity of piston rods, with a thump thump, thump, against the body of the grizzly, which was completely off its guard.

He was hit all over—on his head, on his shoulder, on his side, on his back—by those pile driving hind feet. He fell on one side, then on another, seeming utterly incapable of getting away, and when Billy stopped kicking the breath of life was gone from the bear's body.

The mule had not a hair harmed, apparently, and after resting a bit returned quietly to his feeding. —Chicago Record-Herald.

## Front Door Night Bells.

At 1 o'clock in the morning a man who was looking for a doctor found a door plate on which he distinguished the words, "Night bell," and rang the bell. When the door opened and a figure appeared in the semidarkness of the hall he said:

"Hurry up, please. There is a sick woman at No. 132."

The man inside said "All right," and in a few seconds both men were racing down the street of 132. In the top floor front room lay a very sick woman. The newcomer pulled a small table to the bedside and took from his pocket a sheet of paper and a fountain pen.

"What on earth are you doing with that?" said the man who had summoned him. "You're a nice doctor, you are."

"Doctor?" echoed the man. "I'm not a doctor; I'm a lawyer. Didn't you read the sign, 'Lawyer's night bell'?"

"But what does a lawyer need of a night bell?" the other man asked.

"To enable the people who want to make will in the dead of night to find him readily," was the reply.

"Once in a while I'm called up to straighten out more serious entanglements, but most of the legal papers I write after 10 p. m. are wills. A lot of people who take sick suddenly recollect that they have never made a will and they want to repair the omission while there is time. When you said there was a sick woman here I naturally thought of wills, not medicine. There is a doctor in the corner house." —New York Times.

## Really Worth While.

Eben Pratt of Marshby had sent two sons to Boston and knew he had reason to be proud of them. One day a summer visitor lingering in Mr. Pratt's grocery, provision and dry goods establishment mentioned some of the shining lights who had made themselves remembered in and near Boston and others still to be found there.

"We've had a good many smart men and women in and around our city," said the visitor, "and there are a number of them left. We've got scientific men and writers and artists and musicians and—"

Mr. Pratt's dry voice broke in on the list. "If ye call those folks smart," he said, "ye want to go down near the water to an address I'll give ye and see the way my boys, Ed and Sam, can open yer eyes. I guess that'll give ye something to go by when ye're talking of smartness." —Exchange.

## His More Important Duty.

The error into which King Alfred fell in that famous instance when he let the cakes left in his care burn is not going to be repeated by the telegraph operator of whom Arthur W. North tells in "Camp and Camino in Lower California."

I learned at this point that for the first 500 miles before me I would require more change than I had on hand and would gaze through no place where checks could be cashed. Moreover, my drafts were used up. In this dilemma I wired for money. After four days of exasperating delays I received this satisfying message from the obliging operator of the wireless office:

"Operator on other coast say he have two messages for some one, but his bread is oven—wife's away—and lunch he transmits message."

## American Tourists in Lead.

Americans now lead in the number of tourists in Europe during the summer. The Englishman formerly held this distinction.

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

## Made Good As A Cook.

"Nowadays a cook is provided for each camp," said the old lumberman who has worked on the St. Croix, the Penobscot and the St. John, "but in my days of lumbering we took turns, a week at a time, or one man would make 'all the bread, another the tea, and coffee, and so on through the bill of fare. Once in a while—generally before they'd got licked into their regular winter mold—some fellow would kick against the routine; he'd been tired to do something else, or he'd be hanged if he'd cook, anyhow. Then there were ructions."

"I remember one little rebellion that began hot and roared and died down into a laugh all round thanks to an ingenious old maid, all quiet good nature and fat—Uncle Ned, we called him."

"We got back to camp one night to find the fire nearly out and nothing ready for supper. We were all hungry—and grouchy, as sometimes happens in the best regulated camp. Each in turn declared he wouldn't be cook, and it looked like a superfluous night till Uncle Ned spoke up in his quiet way."

"Dear me," says he, "what a time about cooking! Why it's the easiest thing in nature to get supper. Now, boys, if you'll all wait on me I'll be cook."

"They all agreed. This being settled, Uncle Ned set down on a spruce chair and let his assistants leave it."

"Now, Dick," said he, "the first thing for you to do is to get a little wood and start up the fire."

"Then, just step down to the brook for a pail of water."

"You, Mac, while the fire's getting under way, wash a few potatoes and get 'em ready to put on when the pot boils."

"Now, Jake, you cut a few slices of pork and put 'em over the fire to fry."

"But, Uncle Ned," we all shouted together, "you was to get supper."

"Yes," said he, calm and easy as ever, "I was to get supper, but you were to wait upon me. Tom," said he, "you'd better get the dishes ready."

"We kicked some, but 'twas no use; we'd agreed to wait on him if he'd be cook."

"When everything was ready for supper, there the old man still sat in his spruce chair—hadn't stirred an inch."

"Dear me, dear me," said he, "here I have got supper, and 'twas one of the easiest things in the world."

"We were taught," he called the old lumberman, "and we set down to supper in good temper, and ever afterward we had Uncle Ned's proposition for a byword; we'd agree to do any living thing provided we could be waited upon." —Youth's Companion.

## Wise or Innocent?

He met her one night at a reception and asked her to go to the theater with him. She accepted, and as they liked each other, they went again later. Then it got to be a weekly occurrence.

He got to thinking that he was solid enough with her to go out between the acts, and so he did. For several weeks he worked this and met with no rebuff. But she was thinking a lot, even though she wasn't saying anything.

One evening she said, "Why don't you go to the smoking room to smoke instead of going to the lobby?"

"Is there a smoking room inside?" he asked.

"Of course. You always say that you are going out to smoke, and it seems as useless to have to take your hat and coat every time. And if you thought of it beforehand you could use those cigarettes that you seem to like—cigars, you know—before you come."

He is wondering if she is as wise as it seems or as innocent as it appears. —Boston Traveler.

## A Matter of Necessity.

A Washington woman who was visiting some friends in Philadelphia noticed that the "little girl" in the family was eating some new sort of cereal at breakfast. She evinced little enthusiasm for the stuff.

"Don't you like it, dear?" asked the visitor.

"I don't think much of it," replied the child.

"Then why do you eat it?" The little girl paused in her task of disposing of the obnoxious article and regarded her interlocutor gravely.

"It's got to be eaten," said she solemnly. "The grocer gives mamma a coupon for every two packages she buys, and it's got to be eaten every morning." —Lippincott's.

## Dignity.

Some little girls were boasting of their respective families. They had passed from clothes to personal appearance, and finally came to parental dignity. The minister's little girl boasted:

"Every package that comes for my papa is marked 'D. D.'"

"And every package that comes for my papa is marked 'M. D.'," retorted the daughter of the physician.

Then followed a look of contempt from the youngest of the party. "Hubb! she exclaimed. 'Every package that comes to our house has three letters on it.' —O. O. D."

## The Woman In the Case.

A mother-in-law had stayed so often with her daughter as to cause a quarrel with the husband.

One day she found her daughter weeping in the drawing room.

"What's the matter? Gracious me, don't say that George has left you!" she exclaimed.

"He has," replied the young wife tearfully.

"Then there's a woman in the case?" matter asked, her eyes lighting up expectantly.

"Yes."

"Who is it?"

"You!"

## A Big Contract.

George W. Perkins, the retiring partner of the famous banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co., was giving advice to young men.

"Never undertake," he said, "to do too much. In applying for a position it is almost better to promise too little than too much. Remember the model."

"And old chap, you know, applied to a New York artist for the post of model."

"Well," said the artist, "what do you sit for?"

"Oh, anything, sir," said the model, fidgeting his gray beard nervously. "Anything you like, sir. Landscape, if necessary." —Exchange.

Truth is of no value unless it is exemplified in conduct.

## Worked Too Hard.

People who thought that the late David Graham Phillips had a rapid, fluent and even at times overhasty pen were very far from the truth, says a writer in the Bookman. Mr. Phillips himself admitted freely that from first to last he always found literary composition a labor—a labor of love that he could not have sketched if he would, but none the less a labor.

A story which he sometimes told at his own expense illustrated this. It was shortly after his graduation from Princeton that he sought work as a reporter and finally by offering his services for nothing obtained a chance to show what he could do on the leading daily in a western city.

The weather was cold and the temperature of the office somewhere below 50 degrees, yet hour after hour Mr. Phillips would sit at his desk with a moulture rolling from his brow in the anguish of trying to make literature from what material as "Yesterday afternoon John Jones fell off a stepladder and dislocated his shoulder."

One day it was the turn of Mr. Phillips' services—the presiding genius of the paper happened to pass through the city room and stood for some minutes watching him.

"Who's that young man?" he presently asked the city editor.

The latter explained.

"Get rid of him," came the curt order. "But," expostulated the city editor, "we are getting him for nothing."

"I don't care," rejoined the higher power. "I don't care if he's paying for the privilege. Get rid of him at once. I can't bear to see any human being work so hard."

## Poolhardy Snake Keeper.

The only fatal case of snake bite on record in the London zoological gardens was directly due to the foolishness of the victim. He was in charge of the snakes and, coming in one morning with some friends, began to boast of his power over the creatures and the extent to which they would submit to be played with by one whom they knew.

This led to practical experiments. The overconfident keeper took an Indian cobra from its comfortable sleeping place and, declaring he was a snake charmer, proceeded to swing it about his head and play other tricks with it. A native snake charmer would have known there was no more certain way to rouse the snake's temper than this, for the race abhors rough handling or sudden movement of any sort. The result of the exploit was that the keeper was bitten on the nose. He was hurried off to the hospital, but died a few hours. —London Globe.

## Cheeky John Forster.

"In 'William Harrison Ainsworth and His Friends' the author, S. M. Eliott, tells a quaint story of Ainsworth and his friend John Forster. Ainsworth discovered a fine set of Hogarth's engravings which was held at £5, a sum which he said, 'I could not just then spare or at least did not think I ought to spare. I took John Forster down to see the Hogarth, whereupon he actually said that he would and must have them himself and as he had not £5 of loose money at that moment I should lend that sum to him. I put out the absurdity of the position—that I wanted the engravings for myself and could not afford to lay out the money; how, then, could I lend it to him? It was of no use. He overruled me, had the £5 of me and bought the Hogarth's I was longing for."

## An Author's Odd Aversion.

The "atole" meal had attractions for Edward Fitzgerald, who, among his other peculiarities, hated to see people enjoying their food. On one occasion, after a man had finished a glass of wine in his company and gone out of the room, Fitzgerald remarked, with disgust: "Did you notice how he took up his glass? I am sure he likes it. Bah!" Fitzgerald himself, according to his biographer, Mr. A. C. Benson, "lived practically on bread and fruit, mostly apples and pears, even a turnip, with sometimes cheese or butter and milk puddings. But he was not a bigoted vegetarian. To avoid an appearance of singularity he would eat meat at other houses and provided it in plenty for his guests. But the only social meal he cared to join to was 'tea, pure and simple, with bread and butter.'"

## Water Colors.

Pigments have been used from the earliest times and are now used by all savages for decorative purposes. But the paint used in Babylon and Nineveh and in Pompeii was composed of pigments mixed, not with oil, but with water to which had been added a little glue, egg albumen or perhaps some casein, which is albuminous matter from milk or the gluten from cereal grains. Glue, however, which was well known to the ancient Egyptians, was the most used binding material. Such paints are now known as fresco or water colors.

## The Moves In Chess.

In the number of possible moves chess stands alone among games, and not only is it perfectly safe to say that no living man has ever made even once every possible move, but it is highly improbable that in all the centuries of the history of the game has every possible move been made. The different ways of playing the first four moves on each side are so numerous that if every man, woman and child in a city of half a million populations were to set to work playing them at the rate of four moves a minute night and day it would be able to leave the chessboard.

An old man and his daughter—a girl of 18—had a little booth on a country road, where they threw a ring at a clay pipe, and got a cigar for every "butt." Chancing to pass that way an expert cricketer thought he'd try his luck. Soon he had won 80 cigars.

"Seems rather mean," he pondered, "as he was about to depart. And then in a burst of generosity, he handed them, with a courtly bow, to the young girl."

"Thank!" said she, smiling prettily. "They'll do for father."

Two days later the cricketer happened to pass the same spot. But now the girl was running the booth alone. She saw the question in his eyes, and anticipated it.

"Yes," she said, "they've done for father!"

When women whisper scandal and say a little bird told them, it's a safe bet that the little bird was a lyre.

## What Dr. Madison Peters Says.

Our presidents were largely accidents, called from the plain people. They made good as a rule. Almost any American can be a king. Our American women so unexpectedly called to accompany the presidents to the White House acquitted themselves with a sense of humor, showing that any American girl can be a queen.

Men's prejudices come from the head and may be overcome; the prejudices of women spring from the heart and are inoperative.

As a rule, the Abernethy with the best bait catches the biggest fish, but sometimes a heavy woman, like a greedy trout, swallows a hook with nothing on it.

"What part of speech is woman?" asked a boy of his father. He answered, "She is a noun; she is the whole of it." Supposing that the man was right in allowing the woman a manifold proportion of talkativeness, many men must have inherited their mothers' share.

## Very Simple.

A rather simple looking lad halted before a blacksmith's shop on his way home from school and eyed the doings of the proprietor with much interest.

The blacksmith, disinterested with the boy's curiosity, held a piece of red-hot iron suddenly under the young man's nose, hoping to make him beat a hasty retreat.

"If you'll give me half a dollar I'll lick it," said the lad.

The smith took from his pocket half a dollar and held it out.

The simple looking youngster took the coin, licked it, dropped it in his pocket and slowly walked away whistling.

## Out of His Field.

A hobo approached a man in a small western mining camp and asked for a quarter.

"Haven't you any trade or profession?" asked the man.

"I have," answered the tramp. "Well, practice it, then," suggested the native.

"I can't," said the hobo, sorrowfully looking at the low-lying shacks around about. "I'm a second-story man."

## Cat was Boiling, Too.

The cat settled herself luxuriously in front of the kitchen range. Jennie, six years old, and unused to the homely comfort of a rural residence, regarded fire and pussy alike with interest. The cat began to purr, and Jennie, whose wide-eyed experience recently had included the boiling of water in a kettle, cried out: "Grandma! Grandma! Come here quickly. The cat's begun to boil, too!"

## A Ready Sealer.

For traveling carry a candle with you, and when about to make a jump, as the theatrical people say, seal your bottles with it. It takes only a minute to light the candle, turn it upside down and let the yellow drip around the cork of a bottle, but it insures perfect carriage of the fluid content.—Good Housekeeping.

## A Hurry Call.

The political boss of a small western city drove his buckboard at top speed down the main street on the morning of an election.

"Hey, Johnnie!" he yelled to his son, "git down in the fourth ward quick! There's people down there votin' as they blame please." —Success.

## Why He Retracted.

Kilmore—After all, Stedman isn't so bad a fellow. He came to me, man, fashion, and took back all the things he had said against my people. Burman—Did it voluntarily? Kilmore—Practically that. It is true I threatened to shoot him on sight if he didn't retract, but that was only a matter of detail.—Exchange.

## Seeing Trouble Ahead.

"My wife is always borrowing trouble."

"What kind is she borrowing now?"

"She's afraid whiskey will be in style when our little boy grows up, so that he will not have a chance to shuv the cannoning dimple in his chin." —Chicago Record-Herald.

## Anything to Oblige.

Tourist (at Irish hotel)—You seem tired, Pat. Waiter—Yes, sorr; up very early this morning—half past 8. Tourist—I don't call half past 8 early. Waiter (quickly)—Well, half past 8 thin.—London Punch.

## Consoling Explanation.

Jack—Why are you angry with Maud? Elsie—Because she didn't choose me as one of her bridesmaids. Jack—You should feel flattered instead of offended. You know a girl never chooses a bridesmaid who is prettier than herself.—Boston Transcript.

## A Model Horse.

Hi Billings went to a horse sale one day and bought a horse for \$18. When he got the horse home he offered it a bucket of water, but it wouldn't drink. After that he gave it a feed of corn, but it wouldn't touch that either. "By gosh," he said, "you're the very horse for me if you'll only work!"

## The Way of the Wise.

Mrs. Nubridge—I am heart-broken. I find that my husband doesn't resemble my ideal in the slightest.

Mrs. Wise—Then take my advice, my dear, and try to make your ideal resemble your husband.—Exchange.

No arrests may be made in England on a Sunday except for treason, felony on a breach of the peace, and freedom from arrest at any time on civil process is a privilege enjoyed by members of the royal family and their servants, bishops, peers and peeresses and members of parliament during the sitting of parliament and forty days before and after each session.

Old Pete Flood was the attendant in the Franklin cemetery some years ago, and it became the custom to ask him how business was just to hear his reply. It came in a heavy bass voice:

"Ain't buried a living soul today!" —Philadelphia Times.

## Salt and the Romans.

Spilling of salt is a superstition still current among us. It is derived from the ancient Romans, who used salt in their sacrifices and regarded it as sacred to Fortuna. To spill it carelessly was to incur the displeasure of these household divinities. After accidentally spilling salt the ancient Roman was wont to throw some over his left shoulder, the shoulder of ill omen—thereby hoping to take away from his neighbor the wrath of the Deity and turn it upon himself.

## City Streets.

Dr. Johnson would have said a wise thing had he said what somebody said later for him—"Come, let us take a walk down Fleet street." It sounds commonplace, but often a commonplace is concentrated wisdom, and that is how in our careless day a matter of this commonplace gets to be regarded as an oracle. If you want to understand a people, just do take a walk—many walks—in their great highways of traffic.—Julius Milne in Fortnightly.

## The Last Resource.

H. Chandler Egan, the golf champion said on the Wheaton links of a poor player:

"The other day, he had a rather disagreeable sneeze out of a caddy. He approached the third hole fairly well, but couldn't hole the ball. After a half dozen wretched and unsuccessful putts, he turned to his sneering caddy, and said:

"Well, what am I to do, anyway?"

"Oh," said the caddy, "get down on yer knees and blow it in."

## The Police System.

The police system, being almost entirely municipal in its character, has gradually developed with the growth of cities. In London a night watch was appointed in 1255 to proclaim the hour with a bell before the introduction of clocks. The old watch system was discontinued and a new police on duty day and night commenced Sept. 29, 1829.

## The Obliging Proprietor.

"Won't you please give me an order?" pleaded the persistent drummer.

"Certainly," replied the crusty proprietor. "Get out!" —Julius Lippincott's.

## Suggestive.

Mary (age six): "Uncle Charlie, I wish you many happy returns of your birthday, and mamma said that if you gave me a dollar, not to lose it." —Julius Lippincott's.

## A Poultry Fable.

The hen returned to her nest only to find it empty.

"Very funny," said she; "I can never find things when I lay them." —Julius Lippincott's.

"I had a most delightful time last summer," gushed Miss Nolling, "but I was dreadfully inconvenienced at Leavenworth waiting for my trunk. I went there by the N. T. C. so as to take advantage of the scenery along the route, but I used to send my trunk on the slow B. C. and E."

"But why couldn't you have sent your trunk on the N. T. C., too?" murmured Miss Stealing.

"Because," explained Miss Nolling, "glad to show her superior knowledge, I learned from a friend of mine that the N. T. C. is not a trunk line." —Brooklyn Life.

Crabford—So your daughter loves poetry? Crabshaw—Worse than that. She's fallen in love with one of those fellows who write it.—Judge.

"What's the matter with your head?" asked the first bunko man.

"A farmer I met today just banged me there with his carpeting," replied the other.

"It must have been a pretty hard carpet bag."

"Yes; it had a gold buckle in it that I sold him yesterday." —Catholic Standard and Times.

Rivers was bellowing through the telephone to his wife, six miles away.

"If you'll raise the window," said Brooks, "you won't have to use the telephone." —Chicago Tribune.

Scrubbles—"Here's to my last book of poems." Criticus—"Here's hoping it is your last."

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It is the best of the best and best family physician and nurse in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Beware of cheap imitations. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP. Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 100.

Those who do not look well after their own concerns are not fit to be trusted with other people's.

The new

## Historical and Genealogical.

## Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief and to the point as possible. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and the signature. Direct all communications to Mrs. E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Room, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1911.

## NOTES.

## ITEMS FROM AN OLD ACCOUNT BOOK, CONTINUED.

1722. Abigail Lenworthy came to nurse my wife the 19th of ye 4th mo. Gould Marsh was born ye 12th day of ye 5mo. 1728 at 2 of ye clock in the morning the 4th of ye week.

James Marsh was born ye 27th. day of the 7 mo. 1740 at 8 of ye clock in the morning and ye 7th of ye week.

Nathaniel Marsh was born the 28th day of the 5 mo. 1742 at ye 2 day of the week about 11 o'clock in the forenoon. And departed this life the 7th day of ye 8 mo. about 7 o'clock in the afternoon 1742.

Jeremiah Marsh departed this life ye 22 mo. 1747.

1743 the 22 day of the 5 mo. about 10 o'clock in the forenoon sixth day of the week was William Marsh born. Son of Jona. and Mary Marsh and departed this life the 23 instant about five in the afternoon.

Jeremiah Marsh was born the 17th day of ye 8 mo. 1740 at 8th day of the week about 4 after six afternoon.

Carr Marsh was born the 11th. day of 1 mo. 1747-78 the 4th. day of the week between 7 & 8 in the morning.

Carr Marsh departed this life ye 18th day of ye 6 mo. 1747 ye 4th. day of the week 4 after nine morning.

Ruth Marsh was born the 4th. of ye 9 mo. 1748, between 11 & 12 at night, the 6th. day of the week, with a twin son born alive. Ruth lived till ye 10th mo. 1760.

Daniel Marsh departed this life ye 30 day of the 10th. mo. the 4th day of the week at 7 after 7 at night aged 46, 1776, at Providence.

Phebe Marsh of the second wife was born the 1st day of the 2nd mo. 1750 and departed this life the 1st day of the 7th. mo. 1760.

Ruth Marsh the second was born the 1st day of the 6 mo. 1762, about 8 in the morning the 7th. day of the week.

Susanna Marsh wife of Daniel Marsh departed this life the 17th of ye 1st. month half after 10 o'clock in the morning 1776.

Nathaniel Sheffield was born on the 6th day of April 1687.

My wife Mary was born on the 10th day of October 1672.

My daughter Ruth was born on the 5th day of December 1691, at 8 o'clock at night and last day of the week.

Daniel Gould son of Gould Marsh was born ye 6th day of ye 12th. mo. 1775 in the house of ye great grand father Daniel Gould in Middletown in the line of the civil war wrote by his grand mother Mary Marsh in ye 67th. year of her age and her great grandfather her grandfather and father all named Daniel Gould.

My son James Marsh departed this life the 6-12 mo. 1781, day of the week, between 11 and 12 o'clock, aged 41.

5 mo. 1761. Clara came to live with me at 10 years of age and to live with Mr. Bell 13 years of age.

Capt. Wills Threatened to fire upon the town.

Went upon the Island to widow Gould ye 6th. 10 mo. 1776.

Went up Chambers 13th. 11 mo. 1775. Came home 12th. 1 mo. 1776.

The remarkable dark day was 18th. 5 mo. 1780. The clouds was of a yellow color no wind it began at 10 o'clock was at the darkest between 12 and 1 o'clock went off about 3 and 4 in the afternoon.

25th. 8 mo. 1781. The French fleet sailed out of the harbour.

1 And the Army G. Shamba.

Jeremiah Gould came from England and settled his 3 sons Daniel Thomas and John and returned home to England again—great great grandfather to Mary Marsh, 1765.

To be Continued.

## QUERIES.

6781. COMSTOCK.—About 1734 Samuel Comstock settled in Vershire, Vt., coming from Massachusetts or Rhode Island. He brought with him his wife, Hannah Duncun (or Duncun), and seven children, John, Michael, Lucy, Samuel, Duncun, and Hannah. I wish to learn from what source this family came, and any data with regard to their ancestry.—T. P.

6782. KENDALL WYMAN MEAD.—I would like information concerning the families of 1st. Jabez Kendall of Woburn, married June 21, 1789, Sarah Parker of Lexington, Mass. They settled where? 2d. Of the children of Joseph Wyman, of Lunenburg, Mass., whose wife was Kezia Parker. They had, before 1775, David, Joseph, Oliver, Thomas, Sarah, John and Elizabeth. 3d. Of the children of Moses Mead of Lexington; his wife was a Revolutionary veteran; his wife was Lizette Viles.—N. D.

6783. TUBBS.—In 1730 Samuel and Lebbeus Tubbs, John, Daniel and Jonathan Hamilton, Jr. and Jr., went from Connecticut to Grand Pre, Nova Scotia, and took up land in the waste of the expropriated Acadia. In 1762 Samuel and Lebbeus Tubbs returned to Connecticut and jointly purchased a farm of John Copp on the division line between New London and Norwich, the Hamiltons remaining in Nova Scotia. Lebbeus Tubbs married Bathsheba Hamilton and was my great great grandfather. Can any one inform me—

1. What relationship existed between Samuel and Lebbeus?  
2. Who was the father of Lebbeus, and when and where was he born?  
3. When and where were Lebbeus, and Bathsheba married?

4. From what town did the above named parties emigrate to Nova Scotia?  
5. Bacon, Ethelbert. Born January 23, 1772. It is believed in Connecticut. Can any one inform me in what town he was born, and the names of his parents?—E. H.

6787. WELD.—Information wanted as to the ancestry of the family of this name, some of whose descendants are now living at Guilford and other towns in Connecticut. Mrs. Charlotte Weld Fowler, published at the age of 98 years, a brief history of it in 1879 at Middlefield; but gave no records back of 1760. She says, only that her grandfather, Joseph Weld, came from Boston to Guilford, which presumably connects him with the Roxbury Weld family; but definite and authentic information is wanted, with dates, etc., to show such connection, or the other origin of this family.—N. A.

6788. ADAMS.—Simson Adams, of Stonington, Conn., married, prior to 1770, widow Lydia (Brown) Sparhawk, who by previous marriage had daughters Sabra, born 1768, and Lydia, born 1765. Simson Adams had eight children born in Stonington between 1770 and 1788, who married into the Rathbone, Ransom, Rogers, Kling, Yeomans and Burdick families. I am unable to connect this Simson Adams with his ancestry. Information gladly received.—J. W.

6789. WADE.—Dr. John Wade died April 10, 1803, in Paris, Oneida Co., N. Y. Presumably he was a native of Smithfield or Gloucester, R. I. His wife was an Alverston, born probably in Smithfield or Gloucester, R. I. A part of his life was spent in New Haven, Conn., I should like information concerning the Wades and Alverstons of the above-named towns.—G. E. O.

6790. HERBERT.—From what place did Thomas and Francis Herbert emigrate? They settled in Middletown, N. J., in 1878-77. The children of Francis were Thomas, Francis, Samuel, Quadiab, Elizabeth, Bridget and Mary. Francis died 1718, left wife Hannah? Was buried on his land in Middletown, N. J. In this will he reserves some acre for burying ground. I wish to get all information I can concerning these Herberts. Each son Francis Herbert named a son Richard.—W. E.

## MIDDLETOWN.

St. George's School and the five public schools of the town closed on Friday last for the summer. The public schools had picnics as closing feasts.

St. Columba's Sunday School closed last Sunday for the summer. The annual picnic will be held at Bethsah in the Woods Thursday, July 6. The offering recently taken at the Chapel for the benefit of St. Andrews Industrial School Providence amounted to \$34.

The prospect for a large crop of straw berries seems very promising. The rain came at just the right season for the fruit.

Farmers commenced to cut down their grass last week although oat fodder and many of the early grain crops were cut in May.

The last regular meeting of the Oliphant Club was held in New Bedford last Friday the members and friends being guests of the former president, Mrs. Howard B. Bailey. A party of 18 left early in the day, reaching their destination about 11 when the business session was held. A basket lunch followed at noon, the hostess serving fruit punch. The afternoon was devoted to the scheduled program, current events, poetical quotations from J. S. Hollaud, and the reading of the story, "Bitter Sweet," written in a series of poems, by the same author. Mrs. Herbert Bailey, sister-in-law of the hostess, and formerly Miss Martha Quetpel, a teacher at the Oliphant School for three years, was guest of the Club. The picnic, which completes the season, will be held with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Sisleron Friday afternoon of this week at the Debiola Farm. Mrs. Charlotte A. Chase was appointed chairman of the entertainment committee and Mrs. Kate Bailey of the refreshments.

Rev. F. W. Goodman, rector of St. Mary's and Holy Cross, left on Monday for New York. Wednesday morning he received the benediction of the church at the milestone chapel pronounced by Bishop Lloyd, and Wednesday night he left on the Canadian Pacific for Montreal to begin his 7000 mile journey to Falar Hope, Alaska to relieve Rev. A. R. Hoar. Rev. Mr. Lawrence, chaplain of St. Luke's Hospital, New York, will supply in Mr. Goodman's absence.

Mrs. Eliza A. Peckham made her thirteenth annual visit to the five public schools of the town last week in the interests of the department of scientific temperance instruction of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The purpose of this supervision is to see that temperance is properly taught in connection with the study of physiology. The Union furnishes journals and such other aids as are necessary to assist the teachers in presenting the subject clearly, and a detailed report from each school is sent each year to the state convention held in the fall.

Portsmouth Grange entertained the Newport County Pious Grange, No. 4, Patrons of Husbandry, at their grange hall, East Main Road, on Tuesday, past Master Warren R. Sherman presided in the absence of the Master, Mr. George Howland of Jamestown, who was on jury duty in Newport. The morning session was largely devoted to the reading of the new by-laws and constitution which had been revised by a committee consisting of Mr. Wm. Slocum of Newport, Mr. Wm. Potter of Tiverton, and Dr. L. Lucolin Sherman of Middletown. Dinner was served at noon by the entertaining Grange. The afternoon session opened at 1:45 and after a short business session was thrown open to the public. The lecturer, Mrs. Wm. Hughes, opened with instrumental music by Mrs. Walter Bowle.

Frank K. Seohrist, Ph. D., professor of English and modern languages at the Rhode Island State College at Kingston, was the speaker of the afternoon and presented his subject, "Man and His Work," in an interesting manner. His address was followed by the subject, Woman and Her Work, which was first presented in a prepared paper written by Miss Eliza M. Peckham of Aquidneck Grange, Middletown and by articles from various members upon

## Vudor PORCH SHADES

Form as good a porch protection as vines themselves. They're attractive and cool, make a perfect protection against the sun and against prying eyes, can be raised or lowered as easily and as readily as a window shade and do not shut out a breath of air to make the porch close and stifling. They are the ideal porch shade and are so strongly made that they will withstand the severest weathering for years without ever showing the effect of life.

## A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

## To WASHINGTON and the SOUTHLAND.

## TWO LUXURIOUS TRAINS:

**FEDERAL EXPRESS** Through service. You pass through New York without changing cars. To India traveling alone this is a great advantage. These trains are splendidly equipped—valuable buffet parlor cars and dining car in either direction.

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CONTRACT OFFICE, 112 SPRING STREET.

## PURCHASE OF Egg Lobsters Discontinued.

The attention of all concerned is directed to the following:

On and after May 18, 1911.

No egg-bearing lobsters will be purchased by the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries until further notice. All such lobsters when taken, must therefore be returned to the water in good condition, immediately after capture, as provided by law.

5-20 E. W. BARNES, Superintendent.

the numerous fields of work now occupied by women. A general discussion followed which proved of interest, nearly every one present expressing some opinion on the two subjects. In closing, Mrs. Warren Sherman sang as a solo, "We are building for eternity." The July meeting will be held with Nonquit Grange Tiverton.

## TIVERTON.

There was a home wedding at the residence of Edwin M. Sanford, 73 Canonicus street, North Tiverton, Monday at 2 o'clock, when his only daughter, Flora Edna, was married to Samuel Burton Wing by the Rev. O. E. Baker. The bride was given in white voile over white silk, trimmed with lace and pearls. Miss Rose C. Murphy acted as bridesmaid and wore a white dress of white marquisette with coral trimmings. The bride was formerly a stenographer for Fuller & Gray. The groom is employed by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company at Providence. The couple left by automobile for a short tour. Upon their return they will live at 73 Canonicus street.

## He Was a Veteran.

"He's a military looking young chap. Ought to be. He's a veteran of nine wars."

"Impossible! Why, he's only twenty-two years old."

"I know, but he once spent six months in South America."—Cleveland Leader.

## Election of Officers.

## Channing Sunday School.

Superintendent—Walter A. Wright. Assistant Superintendents—Victor Baxter, Mr. Peterson. Treasurer—William Stevens. Librarian—Miss Mary Congdon. Assistant Librarian—Miss Corbin. Kindergarten—Miss Miller. Pianist—Mrs. William W. Corbin. Secretary—James C. Durfee. Assistant Secretary—George Koschinsky.

## Second Baptist Society.

Moderator—William F. Carr. Clerk—George W. Bacheller, Jr. Treasurer—Martin E. Bennett. Assistant Treasurer—Albert F. Haas. Collector of Past Bene—Frank G. Kimball. Auditors—Albert N. Sherman, Richard H. Freeman. Rector of Pews—Frank G. Kimball. Committee on Psalmody—John C. Seabury, William B. Franklin, John R. Cogswell, William A. Sherman, Benjamin B. Cogswell. Committee on Pews—George W. Bacheller, Jr., Frank G. Kimball. House Committee—Hudson G. Kingsman, George S. O'Connell, E. Coggeshall, Albert F. Haas, Frank G. Kimball. Chairman of Ushers—John C. Seabury.

Good Mourner—Ah, my poor dear! I feel sorry for you! Why don't you work? When I was young, for ten years I was never in bed after 6—an hour's work before breakfast, then five hours' work, then dinner, then five hours' more work, then supper, then bed, then up again at 5 the next morning.

Loafer—I say, guv'nor, where did ye serve ye time, San Quentin or Folsom?

—San Francisco Star.

Fair girl—My father made his fortune when he was a young man. Would you like to know how he did it? Galant Youth—Not particularly; but I would like to know if he still has it.

## BECOMES MRS. HARRIS

Mrs. Harper Marries Former Chauffeur After a Long Chase

York Beach, Me., June 22.—Mrs. Grace Velle Harper, heiress to \$5,000,000, after a pursuit race which led through every state in the union, many European countries; Japan and the Orient, in which she and her coachman-chauffeur, Sidney Harris, were sought by the latter's wife, who sued for \$150,000 for alienation of Harris' affections, has become the latter's wife.

The ceremony was performed at a week-end party at the summer home of the bride here. Only a few close friends of the couple attended.

Mrs. Harris lived formerly in Pasadena, Cal., although she has also stayed for long periods of time in New York, Boston, Chicago and Moine, Ill. While there she employed Harris as coachman, and then the trouble commenced. The marriage would indicate, the friends of the couple say, that all has been arranged to the satisfaction of the former Mrs. Harris and, in fact, all concerned. Mr. and Mrs. Harris left immediately on an extended wedding trip, intending to return here late in the summer.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., June 19, A. D. 1911.

HARRIS B. CHASE, the Guardian of the person and estate of SARAH C. COGGESHALL, Widow, a person of full age, presents to this Court her fourth account with said estate, and she prays that the same may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown on Monday, the seventeenth day of July, next, A. D. 1911, at one o'clock, p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

614-5w

"Meet Me at Barney's."

## Big Bargain in an ORGAN,

MADE BY ESTEV.

AND IS IN PERFECT CONDITION.

5 octave. 11 stops. Very handsome Oak Case, with a fine Plate Glass Mirror.

PRICE \$46.00.

## BARNEY'S Music Store,

140 Thames Street.

## THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

## Notice to Registry Voters.

ALL PERSONS who are required to register their names in order to vote in this city during the present year are reminded that they must register in person at the City Clerk's Office before 9 p. m., FRIDAY, June 30, 1911.

The office is open from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., daily and for the accommodation of those who cannot attend in the day time, it will be open evenings as follows: Saturday, June 10; Wednesday, June 14; Saturday, June 17; Monday, June 19, and on every evening from Wednesday, June 21 (except Sunday).

The Deputy City Clerk will be at the First Ward Room, Monday, June 19, and Tuesday, June 20, at the Second Ward Room, Tuesday, June 21, and Wednesday, June 22, at the Third Ward Room, Thursday, June 23, and Friday, June 24, at the Fourth Ward Room, Friday, June 25, and Saturday, June 26, and at the Fifth Ward Room, Monday, June 27, and Friday, June 30, from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

F. N. FULLERTON, City Clerk.

Newport, R. I., May 19th, 1911—5347

## The Annual Meeting of the Corporation

## of the Island Savings Bank

Will be held at the banking rooms of the National Exchange Bank on Wednesday, June 21, 1911, at 8 o'clock p. m.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Secretary.

6-10

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., June 5, 1911.

Estate of Charles Ball.

REQUEST in writing is made by Charles Ball, his heirs and assigns, heirs at law of Charles Ball, late of New Shoreham, deceased, to appoint, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said Charles Ball, and said request is referred to the third day of July, 1911, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

6-17-5w

## IT'S IT.

Cheapest and Best Will not stain Water Acid and Alkali Proof Waterproof and fire-defying Requires no coating for many years Coated both sides, won't rot underneath Can be used on steep or flat roofs Elastic and flexible Fire-Resisting.

## WHAT IS IT?

## CONGO

Newest-Leak

Roofing.

WHO DOES IT?

BILL SHEPLEY,

7 Oak Street.

6-21

## Automobile Blue

## Book for 1911

NOW READY.

-AT-

## CARR'S,

DAILY NEWS BUILDING

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., June 5, 1911.

Estate of Lawrence Littlefield.

REQUEST in writing is made by Frank Littlefield, late of New Shoreham, deceased, to appoint, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said Lawrence Littlefield, and said request is referred to the third day of July, 1911, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

6-17-5w

No. 1535

REPORT

OF the condition of the NEWPORT NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business June 7, 1911.

RESOURCES. DOLLARS. Loans and discounts \$30,572 37 Overdrafts secured and unsecured 410 77 U. S. Bonds to secure circulation 100,000 00 Premiums on U. S. Bonds 2,750 00 Bonds, securities, etc. 176,613 71 Real estate, mortgages and fixtures 35,000 00 Due from approved reserve agents 38,714 47 Checks and other cash items 1,311 72 Exchanges for clearing banks 5,702 31 Notes of other National Banks 8,35 00 Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents 252 22

LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN

BANK, VIZ:

Specie 19,561 78

Legal-tender notes 4,791 00

Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation) 5,000 00

Total \$720,535 15

LIABILITIES. DOLLARS.

Capital stock paid in \$100,000 00

Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid 26,251 72

National bank notes outstanding Due to other National Banks 64,900 00

Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks 29,977 72

Individual deposits subject to check 342,746 45

Demanded certificates of deposit 11,316 62

Certified checks 118 63

Other checks, including certain calls of deposit for money borrowed, 50,000 00

Total \$720,535 15

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss:

I, George H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of June, 1911.

PACKER BRAMAN, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: Edward S. Peckham, Ralph R. Barker, F. H. Coggeshall, Directors.

No. 1192

REPORT

OF the condition of the NEWPORT NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business June 7, 1911.

RESOURCES. DOLLARS. Loans and discounts \$30,572 37 U. S. Bonds to secure circulation 100,000 00 Bonds, securities, etc. 176,613 71 Real estate, mortgages and fixtures 35,000 00 Due from approved reserve agents 38,714 47 Checks and other cash items 1,311 72 Exchanges for clearing banks 5,702 31 Notes of other National Banks 8,35 00 Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents 252 22

LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN

BANK, VIZ: